Numb. 8.

THE South-Carolina Gazette.

Containing the freſheſt Advices Foreign and Domeſtick.

From Saturday, *February* 19. to Saturday, *February* 26, 1731-2.

——————abſentem qui rodit amicum:
Qui non defendit, alio culpante: ſolutos
Qui captat riſus hominum, famamque dicacis:
Fingere qui non viſa poteſt, commiſſa tacere
Qui nequit: hic niger eſt, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.
Hor.

To the AUTHOR of the GAZETTE.

SIR,

THE *Tenderneſs* of the *Merchant's Character*, hinted at, in one of your Papers, has led me into ſome Thoughts on that deteſtable Vice, *Slander*, or *Defamation*; which, tho' two *Words*, may, I think, be deem'd but one *Thing*. A *Practice*, (ſorry I am to have occaſion to call it *ſo*) that ſeems unhappily to receive its Sanction, from what ought rather to make it appear to us the more odious ——— the *Multiplicity* of its *Votaries*.

The *Slanderers* are ſaid to be of two Kinds, the *Secret* and the *Open*, but, tho' the firſt is generally reputed the moſt dangerous, yet a true Diſtinction to be made between them, may be more difficult, than we're aware of. By the former I am *whiſpered* out of my *good Name*; by the latter, *Bullied*. Yet how am I better ſerved by the *Villain* who openly falls on me unguarded, and hacks out my Ruin, with his drawn Scimiter, than by that *Other*, who ſecretly conducts the Weapon from his own Breaſt into mine?

The *privacy* of *Scandal* ſeems only too narrow a Piece of Villany for the extended Capacity of the Bully's Mind. Yet you ſee him often drove to have Recourſe to the baſe Artifices of his *ſecret Accomplice*.

With what Subtlety does he inforce every the minuteſt Circumſtance, that, he thinks, may ſupport the Credit of his Story, at the ſame Moment that he's conſcious, how ſmall a Share, if any, *Truth* has in the Compoſition of it!

'Tis this that puzzles me to determine, which of the *Two* we are to abhor the moſt, or, indeed, properly to diſtinguiſh their *Kinds*. Since the main *Principle*, on which they *Both* act, and to which they are equally obliged for a mean and cowardly Refuge, is ——— a *Lye*.

There ſtill remains another Species of *Slanderers* (if they may be ſo call'd) tho' rather a Sort of *Auxiliaries* to the other *Two*. Theſe are ever ready, with a kind of paſſive Aſſiſtance, to ſhew their good Will to *Either* or *Both*, as Occaſion ſhall ſerve, in tacitly abetting the Falſhood, tho', to their own Knowledge, it be ſuch, and will rather ſuffer it to be propagated, than be at the leaſt Trouble to detect it. Tho' others, of this latter Tribe, ſomewhat leſs indolent in Scandal, than the reſt, will proceed ſo far in the Propagation of it, as to an expreſſive Shrug of the Shoulders, a Shake of the Head, or a malicious Sneer.

It is, no doubt, a peculiar Happineſs to be be born, and live a Subject to the *Britiſh Conſtitution*; yet, with the greateſt Deference to the ſuperiour Wiſdom of *Thoſe* who are the *Supporters* of it, I ſometimes can't help thinking, that the *Puniſhments* appointed for Slander, Calumny and Defamation, are ſcarce adequate to their *Guilt*.

Can the *Price* of my *Reputation* be exactly ſettled by twelve Men impanel'd on a Jury? Can they (tho' of the ſtricteſt Probity) be competent Judges of the *Damages* I may ſuſtain, by the Loſs of ſo *invaluable* a *Treaſure*, as my *good Name*?

When the *King* has, by any ſuſpected Violence, loſt a Subject, what commendable Care does the Law direct to be taken, not only to diſcover the Particulars of that Violence, but the Murderer too! How frequently do we ſee the Criminal produced, to ſatisfy Juſtice! Yet I

Yet the *Secret*, or *open Murderer* of my *Reputation* ſhall, by ſome *Quibble*, either wholly evade the Law, or, at moſt, incur ſome trifling Penalty on his Purſe. Tho' he as effectually renders me (in the Eye of the Community) as incapable of being a Subject (I mean a *uſeful* one) as he, who ſtabs me to the Heart.

Why then ſhould not a *criminal Proſecution* by the King, be as reaſonably ſupported againſt the *Defamer*, as the *Peace-breaker?* why ſhould He, who (perhaps but ſlightly) aſſaults my *Perſon*, be puniſh'd with more Rigour, than another, who wounds me in *ſo much the nobler Part?*

Shou'd this prove an Incitement to ſome abler Pen, to enlarge on the *Deformities* of this Vice, as likewiſe, on the *Beauties* of its oppoſite Virtues, *Charity* and *Truth*, it would ſure, be a Contraſt deſerving the Attempt of the moſt elegant Genius among us.

And, ſince I find, you can borrow from the *Proverbs*, I think it mayn't be *mal-apropos* to the preſent Purpoſe, to give you a ſhort Quotation from *Tate and Brady*'s verſion of the *Pſalms*, where (the Pſalmiſt propoſing this Queſtion, who is moſt likely to be acceptable to the Divine Being?) you find this to be part of the Anſwer.

The Man, whoſe ev'ry Thought and Deed
By Rules of Virtue moves,
Whoſe gen'rous Tongue diſdains to ſpeak
The Thing his Heart diſproves.

Who never did a Slander forge,
His Neighbour's Fame to wound,
Nor liſten to a falſe Report,
By Malice whiſper'd round.

But if this Evil ſhou'd ſtill prove to be inſuperable, it wou'd not, ſure, be amiſs to endeavour at a Method of rendering it as beneficial to the *Publick* as may be. And for that End, to have a *Permoſſion* eſtabliſh'd by Authority (on payment of certain annual Stipends to the Government) for the moſt licentious Uſe of it, in all Caſes, and againſt all Perſons, *Religion* and the *Legiſlature* only excepted: The different *Rates* to be ſet againſt the *Slanderers* Names, to be regiſter'd in publick Books for that Purpoſe, and proportion'd according to the ſeveral Degrees of *Scandal*, they propoſe to gratify their *Spleen* with.

Hence would not only ariſe a yearly Sum to the *Publick*, to be applied as they ſhall think proper; but even *Scandal* itſelf wou'd looſe half its Force, for who wou'd not laugh at the Wretch, who ſhou'd before hand pay for ſo pitiful a Gratification?

If you approve of *This*, you may poſſibly hear further from

† *Sir, your humble Servant,* Z X.

N. B. The *Ladies* to have a *Licence* at *half Price.* And particular Care muſt be taken to ſuppreſs all unlicenc'd Traders.

To the Gentlemen News-Writers *in* Charles Town. *Theſe.*

Gentlemen,

I Am one of that uncouth Sort of Females, which, your forward young *Flirts* call----- an *Old Maid.* Yet, you muſt know, I am not much turn'd of Forty neither. However, tho' it has not been my Lot to have been uſeful (as they call it) in my Generation, nor a buſy One in the Concerns of *this* World; yet I have made it my Endeavour not to be too unprofitable a one as to the *next.* To which End, I muſt take leave to tell you, that, among the requiſite Methods I purſue, *That* of a conſtant and devout Attendance on publick Worſhip is *One.* Which now affords me the Occaſion of troubling you with *This*, to let you know, that notwithſtanding the profitable Hints, that have been heretofore given the World, by that great Predeceſſor of Yours, the *Spectator*, there is ſtill ſubſiſting the ſame Offence to *Us* who wou'd fain be attentive to our Duty in Places appointed for that Purpoſe, as in *his* Days. And it is particularly my Misfortune to ſit in the next Pew to a parcel of Girls and young Fellows, who are, three Parts of the Service, *Giggling* and *Prating.* Which, with ſeveral other Irregularities, of the like Sort, in a Place, which requires us not to be *abſent* even ſo much as in *Thought*, may ſure be worth your Endeavours to Reform, and in ſo doing you will highly oblge *Gentlemen*

Port-Royal, Feb. 21, 1731.

Your humble Servant Mary Meanwell.

We ſhould be glad to oblige Mrs. Meanwell to the utmoſt of our Power, but fear, ſhou'd we turn *Church-Reformers*, we may be look'd upon as *Medlers* in other Mens Buſineſs; we not pretending to the Abilities or Authority of *Him*, whom the Lady (in too high a Strain of Compliment to us) calls our Predeceſſor. Tho', ſuppoſing her *Complaint* to be *juſt*, the *Cauſe* of it (we think) calls aloud for Reformation.

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From the Craftſman dated Oct. 16, *We have the following Advice.*

By Letters from Gibraltar (which came by the Way of Cadiz) we have the following Account, That they had there executed 5 Sailors belonging to the William, Capt. Bennet, which Ship ſail'd from Lisbon the 7th of Auguſt laſt, bound for Genoa, having a conſiderable Quantity of Money on board. The Sailors roſe, kill'd the Captain, his Wife and Servant, the Mate and his Wife, and a Paſſenger; after which they ſunk the Ship in the Gut near Gibraltar, and taking the Money with them into the Boat, made for the Coaſt of Barbary, where they were taken and carried to Gibraltar, and there they met with their much deſerv'd Fate.

Oct. 30. We hear from Hulſt in Germany, that ſeveral the moſt cruel Villainies were lately committed in that Neighbourhood, that ever was heard of. One ſingle Rogue murder'd ſix Perſons one after another, all in a Houſe, tho' they reſiſted him; and afterwards ſet the Houſe on Fire, whereby a Child was burnt in its Cradle; as were alſo three Cows, and all the Corn in the Barn. The Murderer was Nephew

to

Henry Laurens

to the Man of the Houſe. He endeavoured, when he had done this Feat, to drown himſelf; but was taken out of the Water, and has not only confeſs'd all theſe Murders, but has related every Circumſtance of them.

Nov. 6. *Extract of a* Letter *from Capt.* Kent, *of the* Woolball *at* Campechey. We came from Jamaica in Company with 11 Ships and 3 Sloops, but as we were a deep Ship, did not ſail well, and on the 2d of June were much to Leeward, as were two Ships more, who were then off the North Weſt Part of Cuba, when a Sloop came in Sight, which we took for one of the three that came out with us, and were not undeceived until ſhe was almoſt on Board of us, when ſhe fired at us; and being in great Confuſion at ſo unexpected a Salute, we were the ſooner taken. She proved to be a Spaniſh Guard de Coſta, of 10 Guns and 38 Men. They brought us to this Place, having unladen the Cargo, and plundered the Ship, and kept me and my Officers cloſe Priſoners on Board; and the Permiſſion to write this is deem'd a great Favour, altho' at the Time of writing I am ſtrictly guarded, ſo dare not write with too much Freedom.

On Saturday laſt his Majeſty appeared in the Drawing Room at Court in a Suit of Crimſon Velvet, with Gold Buttons and Button Holes, the Sleeves faced with rich Tiſſue, and the Waiſtcoat of the ſame. The Queen's Cloaths were very rich, and it was obſerved that her Majeſty's Jewels were more in Number, and richer in Value than has been known. The Counteſs of Suffolk made a grand Appearance among the Ladies; as did Count Ughi among the Gentlemen. At Night the Prince of Wales and the Princeſs Royal open'd the Ball; her Royal Highneſs afterwards danced with the Duke of Richmond. The Duke of Lorrain ſat incog. among the foreign Miniſters. Their Majeſties withdrew about Twelve, and all the Company broke up by One.

A great Quantity of rich Velvets that were coming from France for ſeveral Ladies of Quality againſt the King's Birth-Day, were ſeized at Dover by the Cuſtom-houſe Officers.

A few Days ago a Weaver's Wife of Spittlefields, was delivered by Dr. Attkinſon of Bow-lane of a very monſtrous Birth; and what makes it more remarkable is, that about a Year ſince, ſhe was delivered of a Monſter in the ſame Form.

A few Days ſince a Marriage was conſummated at Cranbrook in Kent, with great Solemnity, ringing of Bells, &c. between John Willard of that Pariſh, aged 84, and Sarah Row of the ſame, aged 77. The ſaid John Willard was one of the 22 Men of that Pariſh (each of which was above 70 Years of Age) that plaid a Match at Cricket about 4 Years ago in the ſporting Field there, of which ſingular Game, Notice was taken in the publick Papers.

Nov. 20. Yeſterday Numb. 54,079 was drawn a Prize of 5000 l. and Numb. 20,532 a Prize of 2000 l. the Tickets were both took out of the Bank by Meſſ. Sewards, and let out by them in Horſes 'till Thurſday Night, when they ſold both the ſaid Tickets with two others to one Gentleman, who ſold them again the ſame Night: That of 2000 l. belongs to one Mr. James Halhead, Vinegar Merchant, and that of 5000 l. was a Horſe let out by Mr. Henry Cox, a Taylor, for the Day, to Mr. Garraway, Hop-Merchant, who hath ſold his Prize to the ſaid Meſſ. Sewards.

CHARLESTOWN, *Feb.* 25.

To the Author *of the* Gazette.

WITHOUT giving time for ſpurious Copies to be handed about Town, I inſiſt on your publiſhing the following Lines, as you expect the future Correſpondence of

Sir, Your American *humble Servant*

BELINDA.

The *Style* is *Familiar*, or *Low*, which you pleaſe, but that's no Matter, inſert as follows.

SINCE, th' am'rous Bard has thus eſſay'd
To tune his warbling Lyre,
Hard, if, among us, not one *Maid*
Shou'd dare return his Fire.

But, 'las-a-day! what can we do?
So *fair* his *fav'rite Belle!*
Where can we find one *native Beau*,
To match his *Non-pariel?*

Yet ſtay - --- ſince ſcarce a Britiſh Ship
Now ſeeks our diſtant Shore,
But wafts us, ſafely o'er the Deep,
Some *courtly Connoiſſeur.*

Let this our Swain but learn from *Thoſe*,
If poſſibly he can,
The Dreſs, and Air of *modern Beaus*
We'll vote him *All* ---- *her Man.*

But oh! we fear ſhe'll blaſt our Hopes,
Thus ſcorn our mean Offence.
Keep, to Your ſelves, *the ſhallow Fops*,
Give Me *the Man of Senſe.*

If ſo, alas! what elſe to do,
Has this our rhyming Squire,
But to ſuſpend, on Laurel Bough,
Himſelf, and eke his *Lyre?*

For *I*, in Name of all the *Reſt*,
Make *this* our *Pleaſure* known,
Againſt that *Writing we proteſt*,
Whoſe *Stock* 's ſpent ---- *all* on *One.*

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We